

Helen Keller, Most Wonderful of Girls, Graduates from College Next Week.



ON JUNE 25 Helen Keller, the wonderful young girl who, stricken deaf, dumb and blind at the age of sixteen months, developed a marvellous mind which set these physical handicaps at naught, will graduate with distinction from Radcliffe College, the Harvard Annex for women, where she has been a student for the last four years. During that period the college records show that she made remarkable progress in literature, philosophy and economics, her chosen branches of study, as well as in the more general field of college work. Besides this she published over a year ago "The Story of My Life," a book which attracted widespread attention, as much for the beauty and simplicity of its style as for the wonder story of triumph over pain and ignorance and darkness, which it relates.

It is Miss Keller's announced purpose to devote her life to the blind, and use every effort to obtain for men and women afflicted as she herself is the training which will broaden their mental and physical activities and make life glad for them as it has been made for her. She has already contributed to different magazines several articles dealing with the problem of the deaf and delivered illuminating lectures before special institutions devoted to their education.

The story of Helen Keller is one of those fairy tales of modern science which have the advantage over all other fairy tales, of being actually true. She was born in the little town of Tuscumbia, Ala., on June 27, 1880, so that on the day she graduates from Radcliffe she will be twenty-four. Her father, Capt. H. H. Keller, was United States Marshal of the North District of Alabama. Up to the time she was eighteen months old the little brown-haired, blue-eyed baby was perfectly healthy, and her first lisping sentences had gladdened her mother's ears several months before she was attacked by the fever which left her deaf, dumb and sightless and practically threw her back to the helplessness of a new-born baby. But though doomed to its helplessness she had not the unconsciousness of earliest infancy, and Miss Keller herself has pathetically told of her early jealousy of her baby sister, who saw and felt and heard the things that were denied her, and of the wild rages into which she was thrown by the knowledge that she could not understand the

COMEDY OF ERRORS LEADS TO HOSPITAL

Tomo Mailed His Steerage Ticket in Letter-Box, Got Excited at Pier and Fell Into River.

Biokolens Tomo, who arrived yesterday at Hoboken from Chicago on his way to Europe, and who was to have sailed this morning on the steamer

Pennsylvania, had a series of adventures which finally landed him in St. Mary's Hospital. It is a question whether he will be able to continue his journey. Tomo was walking along River street yesterday morning, and had his attention attracted to several persons who were dropping letters in a letter-box. Not knowing what they were doing, but being to their homes on the steamship, he stepped up to a letter-box and deposited his letter in it. The letter, however, which contained his steerage ticket for the steamer.

Feeling satisfied with his work thus far, he went to the steamship pier and tried to board the steamer. He was asked to show his ticket, but could not. He got into a heated argument on the pier, and in the midst of the excitement he fell into the water. Detective Fred Mesenkov plunged in after him, and after a hard struggle got the excited and very much exhausted man to the pier. An ambulance from St. Mary's Hospital was summoned and the half-drowned man was taken there. He explained to the surgeon in charge

that he had dropped his passage ticket into the letter-box, and word was sent to the office to that effect. When the letter-box was opened Tomo's letter was found in it, and it is now safely tucked away in a pocket. But it is doubtful if he will be able to leave the hospital in time to carry out his plans of sailing on the Pennsylvania this morning.

FAMOUS STOCK FARM SOLD.
Edward P. Hatch Buys Old George Lorillard Place at Easttown.

The old George Lorillard stock farm at Easttown, famous in the days of the Monmouth Park race course, and which, since the abandonment of racing in New Jersey, has been more or less neglected, was sold Thursday by Frank Durand, representing the heirs who are selling Mr. Lorillard's estate. George Lorillard, as will be remembered, was a beautiful Southern, at all times

Mrs. Nagg and Her Friends

"Doings" of the Kind Words Club.

By Roy L. McCardell.

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"PLEASE don't get in my way to-day, Mr. Nagg!"
"I am that fretted and worried about so many things that it is a wonder I do not go insane! But somebody around this house must keep cool and collected, and that somebody is me!"
"I never complain about what I have to put up with, but if I have said it once I have said it a thousand times that this worry is simply killing me."
"I won't stand it, I won't put up with it, and that's all there is to it!"
"If people wouldn't make such a fuss about little things, Mr. Nagg! If you and other people would all get on when they would have others do unto you, the world would be much better."
"Think of the hundreds of little considerations, the favors now and then, the help and assistance you might give others, Mr. Nagg, if you were only a little unselfish and considerate."
"These little things of life do not mean much to you, but, ah, they would be of such vast help to others!"
"Sew a button on your vest, you say?"
"Look here, Mr. Nagg, do you think I have nothing in the world to do but be a seamstress and a valet for you?"
"Sew it on yourself! You see I am busy preparing the house for those awful women who come here to the Kind Words Club meetings and take up my time and waste their own."
"It makes me smile to myself to hear them gabble about helping with the world's work and all that sort of thing. They are nothing but a pack of lazy, silly boarding-house lady loafers, that sit around trying to build up their own reputations by tearing down the reputations of others!"
"Why do you smile, Mr. Nagg? Ah, yes, you smile contemptuously because I have joined an association of gentle women; because I am trying to inculcate some culture into others; because our motto is 'The Gentle Art, The Kindly Word.'"
"Here comes the whole lot of them now!"
"I suppose they stopped off at Mrs. Terwilliger's to back-bite me! Well, thank goodness! I am Paddy for them!"
"I know their tricks and I know who and what they are!"
"Listen to them gabbling! You can hear them a block away. They are making up in emphasis what their conversation lacks in intelligence!"
"What are you running away for, Mr. Nagg? The company of refined and pleasant-spoken women makes you feel awkward and out of place, I suppose."
"How do you do, dears? Yes, Mr.

Nagg is just gone downtown. He was sorry he could not stay to the meeting. He is so interested in the work of the society and its plans and purposes."

"But one thing he can't understand is how we can all meet and air our views without any unseemly controversies. 'Men do not understand such things, my dears. You know it, politics they get so heated and call each other the most terrible names and accuse each other of dreadful things!"

"Where is Mrs. Skippaway? I wonder if it is true what I was told the other day that she was president of a ladies' mite society a couple of years ago and there was a dreadful how-to-do about the funds being missing?"

"It is awful to talk that way about any one. And I am sure Mrs. Skippaway would die before she would do such a thing, for look how beautifully she paints on china!"

"No, even at the meetings of our club we should never gossip or speak ill of any one."

"But what I will say is, not that I would suspect her a moment, dears, but did you notice how anxious she was to be elected an officer—she didn't say treasurer, but, then, she is so silly, and I do think she's the most malicious woman I ever met!"

"What were you going to say, Mrs. Grady? Oh, yes! About the milkman's gossip, and even if I thought you spoke to the milkman the way he says you did about me I could pay no attention to it, for you know how petty and bitter tradesmen are when their accounts are not settled."

"Oh, yes, he did tell me that you said he had charged you for eight quarts too much; but he said that was a way you had to stir up a row so's to have an excuse for not paying anything."

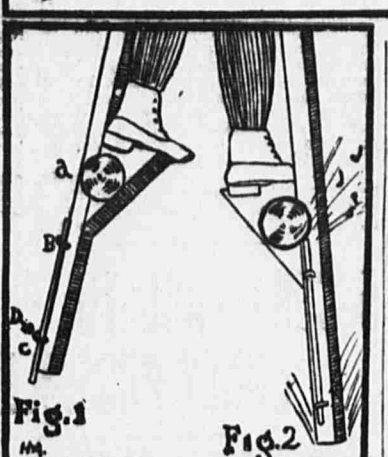
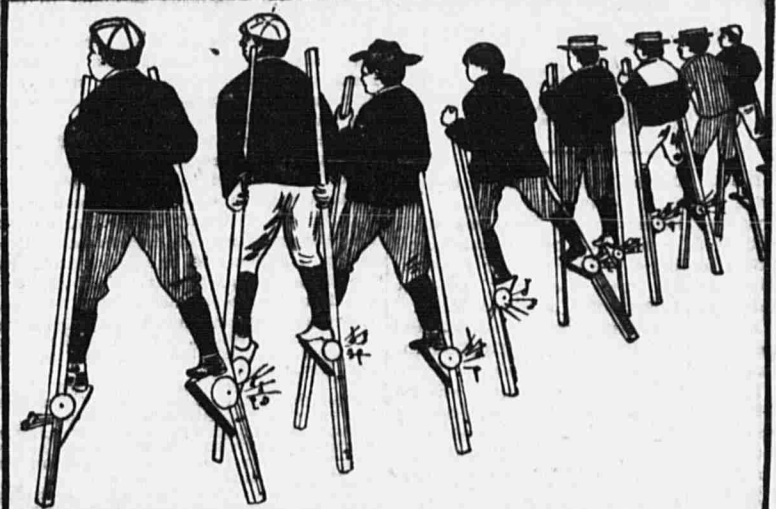
"My dear Mrs. Grady, pray do not be angry. I am simply telling you what the milkman said. Of course, I paid no heed to him, although he was rather amusing."

"Mrs. Dusenberry is going to play us something she has composed on the piano, Mrs. Nagg."

"Oh, that will be lovely, Mrs. Terwilliger. And it is so kind of Mrs. Dusenberry. I do love her soft, dreamy music."

"There, Mrs. Dusenberry is playing; now let us all be quiet! How did you like the dress she made? Who do you think pays the expense of her trips? Yes, she paints an inch thick! Oh, don't laugh so loud, Mrs. Spooner. Mrs. Dusenberry has stopped playing!"

Musical or Ding-Dong Stilts.



Into the ends after the wire has been securely adjusted by means of a pair of pliers. Next insert the thin sticks through the screw eyes at A and B, and this finished, drive a small nail into each at point D. This is to prevent each from slipping out when the stick is raised from the ground.

The thin stick working loosely in the screw-eye, of course drops to its lowest point when the stick is off the ground and is prevented from slipping out altogether by the restraining nail (D), which, caught against the lower screw eye (C), as shown in figure 1, thus leaves an inch sticking out from the stick end.

As the stick end strikes the ground the stick, projecting below it must necessarily strike the ground first. The thin stick, being loose in the screw-eye, is suddenly driven upward by the force of its impact with the ground. This sudden motion causes its upper end to strike the rim of the bell (A).

A number of boys with stilts, differently attuned could play a tune as they move along.

CLEVER GIRL.
"What did the teacher say about your essay?" asked Mrs. McQuibbly.

"He said it was tautological," answered the girl grudgingly.

"Gracious me! To think of your doing anything like that, almost the first time tryin'!"—Washington Star.

Doctors Give Datas Six Years to Live; Head Holds Quarter Million of Facts.



PHYSICIANS have told me to prepare for an early decease," was the somewhat ponderous way Datas put it. "They tell me I'll be passin' in my checks w'en by the time I'm thirty-four or five."

According to these predictions, in which the former coal-heaver, now demonstrating his remarkable memory on the New York Theatre roof has a simple faith, Datas has only five or six years to live. He views the prospect philosophically.

"Anyhow," he mused, "I don't see life the same as some one else. I'm not and for games or sight-seeing. Give me my pipe and a glass of beer, w' a few historical facts to read about or talk about, an' I'm happy. Why worry? There's lots of folks as doesn't live to be thirty-four or five. An', anyhow, I'd rather be Datas an' die at thirty-four or five than be Morris Bottles, the stoker, an' live to be sixty. It may be a bit exhaustin' loadin' up your mind with dates, but it ain't half as bad as loadin' up a furnace w' coal. Standin' before a furnace w' nothin' on but a pair of trousers an' workin' like a devil in 'ell ain't a 'oliday, so it ain't."

"How many facts and dates do you estimate are stored in your mind?" the man was asked.

"About a quarter of a million. 'Ow do I know? I took about six weeks to figure it all up one time."

This peculiar genius, who has been appearing in music halls for three years, and who for ten years before was a coal-heaver, professes to feel no mental strain beyond a slight nervousness and weariness if questions are asked him during an exhibition for a longer period than half an hour. But he sleeps only about two hours at a stretch, and even then he dreams dates.

Uncertainty as to a single date prevents him sleeping at all.

"It's a natural gift," is his simple explanation of his talent for remembering facts and dates.

There may be other and more scientific reasons.

For one thing, Datas, when sixteen years old, experienced a fall from a sawing, striking on his head. Before that, even, he says he had an extremely retentive memory, but after the accident, he recalls, he absorbed knowledge, especially dates and events, much more readily.

As to the shape of his head, the right side is considerably larger than the left. He is a trifle deaf in the left ear and there is a slight cast in the left eye.

The man is extremely simple and temperate in his habits.

"I never touch spirits," he said. "Spirits seem to 'urt my memory; smokin' seems to 'elp it."

"What do you consider your greatest feat of memorization?"

"The names, nicknames and numbers of the 134 regiments in the British army," replied the mnemonic marvel.

"And what is the silliest question ever asked you?"

Datas took his pipe from his mouth and laughed.

"It came one night in the Palace Theatre."

A Few of the Questions Datas Answered This Week

WHEN did the Siamese Twins die?—Jan. 17, 1874.

When were King George's coronation robes sold?—June 8, 1881.

When were Pullman cars first run?—March 21, 1874.

When was the Isle of Man sold?—June 1, 1705.

In what year were women prohibited from working in the English coal mines?—In 1850.

When were pine first made?—In 1824.

When were tulips first brought to England from America?—In 1573.

When was a tax paid by bachelors in the United Kingdom?—From 1665 to 1700.

When was the waltz introduced?—In 1812.

What is the largest steamship in the world, and when was it launched?—The Baltic; launched November 21, 1902.

When was Aguirre captured by Gen. Funston?—March 17, 1901.

When was the Brooklyn bridge begun?—Jan. 8, 1870. When opened?—May 24, 1883.

When was the first execution by electricity in this country?—Aug. 11, 1890.

When was William Kempler killed at Sing Sing?—When did Blondin, on a tight-rope, first cross Niagara Falls?—June 1, 1859.

When did Herbert Spencer die?—Dec. 8, 1903.

When did the great Hoboken fire occur?—June 3, 1900.

When was the sewing machine completed by Elias Howe?—In 1846.

When was the Irish potato famine?—In 1846.

When did John Brown make his raid into Virginia?—In 1859.

When did Rome become the capital of Italy?—In 1870.

When did two Popes reign at the same time?—In 846; Liberius and Felix.

By whom and when was vaccination first practiced?—By Dr. Jenner in 1786.

When was Ireland conquered by Henry II.?—In 1170.

What two ex-presidents of the United States died on the same day?—Adams and Jefferson, on July 4, 1826.

When and by whom were balloons invented?—In 1783 by the Montgolfier Brothers, in France.

How old is Anna?—Old enough to know better.

A sad-looking lady rises up and says, "Ow soon is a lady's 'cart broken?' 'Never 'avin' broken none I couldn't say, mum," I says, 'an' she sets down very disappointed-like."

"In Dublin one time," continued Datas, "a man 'ops up and asks me when Cromwell was born. I didn't think Cromwell a very good subject for a Dublin and, so, I inquires, 'Cromwell? Who's Cromwell? I never

heard of 'im'. Lord bless you, 'ow they did applaud my ignorance!"

Datas rapped his head—the head which is already sold to the King's College Hospital for \$2,000.

"They want to buy my daughter's 'ead too," he said. "She's twelve, an' 'er memory's almost as good as mine. But I tell em to wait till she's twenty-one; then if she wants to she can sell 'er own 'ead. I shan't sell my own child, so I shan't."

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